WAS "REBECCA" PLAGIARIZED? BY HARRISON SMITH

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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By William Henry Chamberlin
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"WILD IS THE RIVER"
By Louis Bromfield
Reviewed by Bess Jones

"A LEAF IN THE STORM"
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WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN (author of "The World's Iron Age"). "There is no foreign correspondent . . . more respected and trusted." *(See page 5)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Was "Rebecca" Plagiarized?

HARRISON SMITH

WAS Daphne Du Maurier's "Rebecca" plagiarized from a Brazilian novel? In the *New York Times Book Review* Section, November 16, an article by Frances R. Grant implies that Miss Du Maurier based her famous story on "A Sucesora," by Carolina Nabuco, daughter of a famous Brazilian family. Harrison Smith takes issue here with the statements, expressed and implied, appearing in that article. Some of the points in controversy may be summarized as follows:

The Charge	The Reply
The plot-structures of both novels are remarkably similar. The use in both of a portrait of the first wife, of a lining-up of the servants on the arrival of the second, of a housekeeper faithful to her old mistress, hating her new one, of an old friend of the new wife's husband—these are too close for mere literary coincidence.	The formula—a plebeian second wife marrying into an aristocratic family—is a well-worn plot, and one which almost inevitably suggests the portrait, the housekeeper, the servants, and the old friend motifs as used in both novels. The similarities occur only in the beginning of "Rebecca." But the balance of the plot has little resemblance to "A Sucesora."
So distinguished is the Brazilian family from which Miss Nabuco springs that she considers it degrading to sue for plagiarism.	Miss Du Maurier is being sued by an American writer on the same grounds. And why should she, a creative writer, need to steal a plot?

SOME years ago in England, Jonathan Cape told me that most important authors succeed with their fifth or sixth book. "Rebecca" was Daphne Du Maurier's sixth; it had been prefaced by "I'll Never Be Young Again," a first novel; "The Progress of Julius," a novel that should be reprinted; "Jamaica Inn," in which she first showed her talent for romantic drama; "The Du Mauriers," which concerned her famous literary family; and "Gerald, a Portrait," a biography of her father. "Rebecca," which appeared three years ago seems to bear out Mr. Cape's theory. Following shortly upon its appearance in England, its publication here was an immediate and prodigious success. Three hundred thousand copies were in the hands of American readers within a year after Doubleday, Doran brought it out. Later, its success as a motion picture was equally pronounced. The only reason preventing it from being serialized in a popular magazine was that it violated one of the taboos of magazine editors: it appeared to condone murder; at least, it left its hero happy and unconfined.

When "Rebecca" appeared, Miss Du Maurier was no tyro, but a successful writer who seemed to have inherited from her forebears the gifts of industry, imagination, and virtuosity, the last person one might imagine would find it necessary to take from any source other than her own creative mind the plot, characters, and incidents of a novel.

Yet two weeks ago, shortly after the completion of the manuscript of her new novel, "Frenchman's Creek," she was the subject of an article appearing in the weekly book-section of the *New York Times,* in which were mentioned a number of supposedly pointed "similarities" between "Rebecca" and a Brazilian novel published six years ago. The article was titled, "The Long Arm of Literary Coincidence," and was written by Frances R. Grant, an American writer, who compared "Rebecca" with "A Sucesora," a novel written in the Portuguese language by Carolina Nabuco, member of a distinguished Brazilian family. Miss Grant, by a series of leading statements, leaves the direct impression, although nowhere is it stated flatly, that "Rebecca" is the product of plagiarism. And the Brazilian literary world, if we are to judge from the excitement and indignation aroused among our good neighbors over the affair, shares this belief.

To begin with, everyone agrees that ideas for novels cannot be patented as though they were mechanical inventions. That is why the accusation or the suspicion of plagiarism is all the more deadly, since it can rarely be proved; or, unhappily, disproved. What the *New York Times* calls a "literary coincidence" is so common that it is the bugbear of all magazine editors and literary agents, to say nothing of publishers. The motion-picture companies are attacked by plagiarism lawsuits so frequently that they have not permitted an unsolicited story to cross their editorial thresholds for years. Human minds, even though separated by circumstance and distance, will insist on conceiving the same mechanical inventions, the same ideas for biographies or novels at the same moment. And when you reflect that there are only seven basic themes in all literature, the surprise is not that so many charges of plagiarism fill the air, but that, everything considered, there should be so few. (Indeed, another woman novelist has gone to the courts in an effort to prove that "Rebecca" was plagiarized from her novel!)

If I were asked to give the thematic ancestor of "Rebecca" or of "A Sucesora," I would unhesitatingly name Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre," an intensely romantic novel in the best tradition of the nineteenth century, which I presume is familiar in the original or in translation to all the world. It is the story, as you know, of a sweet and humble girl, a youthful governess, who marries the bereaved head of an aristocratic house, dominated by the memory of a tragic past and of a vanished woman. In "Jane Eyre," the lady of the house is mad and is secreted in the garret; in "Rebecca", the first wife is a perverted and venomous creature who has been murdered by her outraged husband; in "A Sucesora" the former mistress of the house is an apparent saint whose one fault

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is typical of the Latin mind. She is sterile; and the young second wife, who has granted every other virtue to her predecessor—greater beauty, nobility of character, fitness to rule over her husband's domain—finds complete satisfaction because she herself is pregnant. Her dead rival, who is her superior in every other way, is at last vanquished in her mind. This is not a plot that would occur to an American or an English writer.

A thousand stories, scores of novels, have been written about the tragic second wife who enters her husband's home to find staring at her everywhere the traces of her predecessor. Transform the normal home to a great house in the English countryside, and what have you? You have the country-house into which little Jane Eyre ventured, or the rural estate of Manderley, where the unhappy second wife was terrified by shades from the past. And what appurtenances does such a vast countryhouse have in England, in Brazil, or in America? It has a staff, faithful to its master, while he has been mooning on the Riviera or Vina Delmar, or Palm Beach, contemplating suicide, and the child-like and adoring countenance of a young girl he is determined to pursue. And when the young girl is brought home as a bride, the disapproving butler greets her, with the other servants in train, under the trees—the tropical verdure, or the rhododenrons of England's Manderley Hall. And the young wife enters this stately and ancient residence and finds a hostile world; finds the housekeeper faithful to the first wife, or the lady's maid despising her and finding no beauty lotions worthy of her simple countenance and no suitable mistress's garments in her worn suitcase.

This story is as shopworn as any story ever written, and the parallels discovered by Brazilian literary patriots between "Rebecca" and "A Sucesora" are the normal and even inevitable results of variants of this ancient plot.

I am taking it for granted that "A Sucesora" is as significant a novel for its great world as Daphne Du Maurier's "Rebecca" has been for us, but I must also assume that any gifted woman writer, given this situation, will deal with much the same material. The butler and the servants waiting under the trees are too obvious to waste more time upon, and so is the jealous housekeeper. The rest of the parallels mentioned in the *Times* will be apparent to any woman; the first wife's portrait; the initials on the household linen; the touch that a former lovely mistress of the house had imprinted on bed and lounge, bureau, and closet. And who would you introduce to the timid second wife as her first guests, if you were writing this novel? Obviously the husband's brother or sister and an old friend. These, I submit, are the raw materials, the indispensable materials, for your novel.

And so the parallels listed by Miss Grant fail as conclusive evidence, in my mind, because any intuitive feminine writer would inevitably use them. But the central plot of "A Sucesora" also differs from "Rebecca." It is a Latin and not an English or an American conception. But if I have still failed to dispel doubts in your mind concerning Miss Du Maurier's innocence of plagiarism, permit me to play the literary detective and end them, not by intuition, but by publisher's logic.

First of all, how could Miss Du Maurier have been able to see Miss Nabuco's manuscript? We are told that after the publication of her novel in Brazil and its success, Miss Nabuco translated it into English, sending it to the United States and to England. It is difficult to trace any record of its receipt here by agent or publisher, but Miss Du Maurier could not have read it in this country because she has never been here. In England the *Times* simply says it was sent to an English publisher. To what publisher? We do not know. Daphne Du Maurier's publisher is Victor Gollancz, one of England's most important publishers. Assuming that he is the publisher to whom Miss Nabuco's novel was sent, it hardly seems likely that he would have been interested in it, or would have read it himself. Is it reasonable to assume, therefore, that Mr. Gollancz or one of his staff asked Miss Du Maurier to read it? I doubt it. Miss Du Maurier's residence is not in London, but in the country. She was certainly one of her publisher's most important novelists, and I do not believe that she was eager, or had the time, to read publisher's manuscripts. Knowing something of the literary world, I doubt if Mr. Gollancz asked a writer of Miss Du Maurier's reputation to read a manuscript about which his firm was in doubt. But perhaps a publisher's reader outlined the plot to Miss Du Maurier? If so, it is doubtful whether he could have provided the intricate detail whose similarity with "Rebecca" has provided the basis for the charge. Moreover, it would hardly be likely to impress her to such an extent that she would be willing to give up any other ideas she may have had for her next work. This would hold true whether Miss Du Maurier was told about the story by her own publisher or his representative, or by any other publisher or his representative. Publishers in England or America, or

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"The Infernal Cycle"

THE WORLD'S IRON AGE. By William Henry Chamberlin. New York: Macmillan & Company. 1941. 388 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

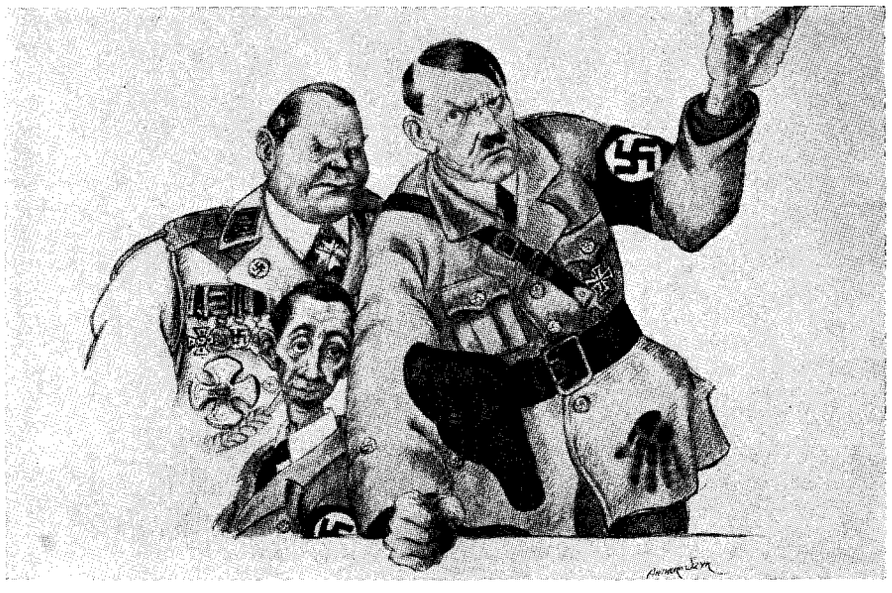
THERE is no foreign correspondent, of the large number of journalists who have represented us abroad during the last ten years, more respected and trusted than Mr. Chamberlin. There was a time when I thought that he erred in his judgment of the Russian situation, but time has shown me that I was wrong, and so I assert that no other correspondent gave to his readers so true a picture of what was going on under the Soviets during the years of his residence in Moscow. All his opinions deserve the most respectful attention, especially as he added to his years in Russia a long stay in Japan. He knows Germany thoroughly, and he was in France when France fell. With this background, any book coming from his pen is an event, especially as he has not yielded to the bitter emotions which must come to anyone who has observed the horrors of the Nazi rule at close range.

In the main, this book is an historical survey of what he calls "the infernal cycle." That is both its strength and its weakness. As such it ought to be in our libraries, but its review of the last twenty years has less appeal for a general public that seeks red-hot diaries of the most recent events. The portions of the book that are, therefore, most interesting and perhaps most valuable, are those chapters dealing with America, and the final one entitled "Toward a New Civilization?" I shall not say that Mr. Chamberlin is wholly an isolationist, but he does say emphatically that he thinks "the risks of entering a war of unlimited liability are greater than those of a policy of strict hemisphere defense." He thinks that America's crisis is "less serious internationally than is generally assumed." He adds: "I think the term 'mortal danger' which has been used even by officials in responsible positions to describe America's position in the Spring of 1941 is a gross exaggeration and is regrettable because it will deaden the effect of such strong words if the time should ever come when America will be in mortal danger."

Mr. Chamberlin does not share the "extraordinary prophetic insight into Hitler's intentions" of those who predict with complete certainty that he will be on his way to attack us thirty days, sixty days, or ninety days after the end of the war in Europe. Like Admiral Stark, the present head of naval operations, whose secret testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has just become public, Mr. Chamberlin does not believe in the feasibility of a physical invasion of the United States even if Hitler should capture the British Navy and take over the French and the Italian fleets, and have the aid of the Japanese fleet in the Pacific. Mr. Chamberlin believes that not one American in a hundred would hesitate to support with his life the policy of defending his own country against hostile aggression, but he is certain that the Administration would have done far better had it chosen the simpler, easier, and safer military and naval policy of purely continental defense, which would have received a maximum degree of popular support. He also thinks that this would have been forthcoming if the Neutrality Law "had been in the hands of a President who believed in its underlying philosophy, and the possibility of insulating America from Europe's and Asia's war."

Mr. Chamberlin asserts that the greatest danger confronting us at the present time is not Hitler but Hitlerism, if that term is used as synonymous with the political, economic, and moral characteristics of the totalitarian State. These he lists as "militarism, suppression, or thwarting democratic processes, destruction of civil liberties, regimented economy, abnormal fear of imaginary or greatly exaggerated dangers which at times approaches paranoia." He does not fear that either Washington or Berlin will be the capital of the world after the war—which is also Hitler's position. That the United States and England, or Germany alone, could rule the world in the event of victory by us or by Hitler, he thinks preposterous, on the basis of a life spent in studying international relations. He is for the immediate statement of concrete Allied war aims, and he avers that it is faith in its own independent national destiny that America needs most today. But he is not pessimistic either as to our own future or that of the human race, though he feels that "the infernal cycle of violence, of war and revolution, has not yet run its course."

As I have said, these are not views that will meet with great public acclaim or popularity. They are too close for that to those of men who have been smeared as isolationists and as fellow-travellers with Hitler by members of the Administration. Yet Mr. Chamberlin has stated his case so objectively that it ought to be read and studied by all who wish to make up their minds as to what we should do, on the basis of a calm understanding of what is happening in the world. This reviewer is bold enough to believe that the value of this book will grow steadily, and that in the years to come it will be valued increasingly as a statement of the liberal, anti-war point of view of 1941. Undoubtedly some years from now we shall have a lot of books, as Mr. Chamberlin suggests, telling us what really happened, describing the road to war, and explaining the effects of propaganda emanating both from Washington and London. Even at that time, I think, Mr. Chamberlin will be found to have written a vital source-book for students of the history of the cataclysmic period in which we live.



—Drawing by Szyk from "The New Order."

"The greatest danger confronting us is not Hitler but Hitlerism."

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The Rains Still Came

WILD IS THE RIVER. By Louis Bromfield. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1941. 326 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BESS JONES

UNLIKE many writers of fiction, who treat character and plot as if they were small annuities that had to be spread out over a long and steadily thinning literary life, Mr. Bromfield spends his copious talents with the lavishness of one who never needs to save for a rainy day. His output in the last decade and a half, averaging almost a book a year, shows amply that when the rains come for him they are the kind that make abundant the crop. Nor does his most recent work reveal the slightest diminution in his brilliant skill for setting, swift action, or romantic, even glamorous characterization.

His latest subject, perfectly suited to these marked abilities, is New Orleans under the occupation of the unlamented Butler, who, for no discernible reason, is thinly veiled under the name of General Wicks. It was the paradise of the Yankee military, the carpetbagger, the scalawag bent on pillaging a town, a people, and a civilization. Mr. Bromfield could have treated it tragically in a way that has more meaning for us today than it would have had even two years ago, but he has preferred to make of his American Paris a scenario ripe for a Hollywood supercolossal plucking. It is entertaining, it has enormous gusto, swagger, voodoo mysteries, wonderful black women who devise love potions for good American dollars, aristocratic Creoles, moonlight, fever, sultry heat, jasmine and wistaria, a deluxe brothel, a pretty sprinkling of French words and patois songs, the Puritan conscience all the way down from Pinckney Street and Concord, balconies, French arias wafted across the night, and lots and lots of sex. One only awaits the climactic duet from Moore and Eddy.

If that catalogue of properties seems to belittle Mr. Bromfield's lively book, it is certainly not so intended. Mr. Bromfield knows what he is doing. He could have made his book another kind, certainly a more important kind, but since he set for himself another aim, and has achieved it so well, he is not to be criticized for failing to give us a "War and Peace." He tells his adventurous story on two levels. On one we are witness to guerilla warfare, the relatively primitive clash between the occupying Yankees and the captive, yet unconquered natives; between the exasperation of the winner who cannot collect all his take, and the quiet determination of the loser who refuses to yield. Something of that we see every day under European datelines.

The other level offers more subtle complications, for on it Mr. Bromfield deals not merely with the conflict of temperaments between those on the same side, but with the psychological changes that overtake the outwardly unchangeable. Tom Bedloe, a Rhett Butler from New Bedford, dashing, sensual, avid for power, a devil with the ladies, lustily welcomes the magnificent chaos of New Orleans under Silver Spoons as a chance to free himself from the inhibitions of Massachusetts and the oppressive purity of his blond Boston fiancée, Agnes Wicks. For her pallid young brother David it is a means of conquering fear of love and the body and of becoming a poet, though he dies in the attempt. The exotic, coldly calculating young Baroness de Lèche, unwilling hostess to Bedloe, sees in him and his response to her evil nature her sole opportunity to regain her confiscated wealth and get back to Paris. But she would throw everything over to win the love of the one man, the gentle MacTavish, who had resisted her. And the fair, virginal Agnes, in the beginning obsessed by the desire to save her lover from himself and from the wicked women who are after him, discovers, through her fantastic voyage from Boston to New Orleans, that she is not so pure as people think and that she has no wish, after all, to rescue her young man for a sedate life in Back Bay. There is MacTavish and the West calling. The indomitable Aunt Tam, who accompanies her, finds greater scope for her own energies and learns that experience is something more than a good story to tell back home. She, or Mr. Bromfield, forgot, however, that in 1862 it would not have been possible to report her exciting adventures to Margaret Fuller. That poor lady was drowned in 1850.

Louis Bromfield

Triangle in China

DESTINY HAS EIGHT EYES. By Willard A. Hanna. New York: Harper & Bros. 1941. 305 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. W. SNOW

THIS novel of wartime China begins rather discouragingly in black and white tones with a racialistic tinge: the too-ugly and objectionable German-Jewish refugee, the handsome and charming White Russian engineer, the too-talented and artistic Chinese rival for Grishka's American wife. When the author has delivered himself of these stock characterizations, however, the story moves smoothly and his excellent handling of Ruth balances the picture. Writing in a carefully-limited first person as Fred Hornell, an American English teacher, Mr. Hanna finally succeeds in doing a very workmanlike job, with an informal, easy style and occasional good patches, such as when Herr Leinzig comments that it would be better for the city to fight than to capitulate to the Japanese: "If one must lose all in the end, it is best, I think, to lose all at the beginning—all but one's spirit, and if that must be crushed, let it be crushed at one blow, not by slow and infinite degrees of humiliation."

These five individuals are brought together in Ningchow where Grishka is building a bridge, and the climax comes with the Japanese occupation of the city when the engineer faces having to destroy his work and each must choose whether to stay or go to interior China or Shanghai. The love triangle between Grishka, Zen-Fu and Ruth makes an engrossing plot, but the best part of the novel is the gradual unfolding of the personalities of the enigmatic Ruth and the much-disliked Herr Leinzig.

Willard A. Hanna, born in Pennsylvania in 1911, spent the four years after 1932 teaching in Shanghai and at Hangchow Christian College. The scene of his story is based on his knowledge of the beautiful city of Hangchow, and for one who was not actually present, he certainly gives an excellent picture of China at war. Mr. Hanna won an essay prize in the Avery Hopwood Contest in 1938, at which time he also began work on this book.

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One Leaf Among Millions

A LEAF IN THE STORM. By Lin Yutang. New York: The John Day Co. 1941. 368 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NYM WALES

Lin Yutang

LIN YUTANG'S first novel was an exciting discovery. I read "Moment in Peking" against my will, for I was too busy to read any book on that particular day. What interested me most was the craftsmanship, which was a surprise, for modern China had not produced any major novelist as yet and I had been following the development of the new literary movement as well as I could. I laid the book down thinking: But, this is first-rate. It is also a modern "Dream of the Red Chamber." That book has stood for many generations as the classic of Chinese family life in its prime, and now Lin has epitomized the transition to a new social form. "Moment in Peking" (I resented the inadequate title) is probably the best job of novel-writing that has been done since the Chinese literary renaissance began in 1915, though it may not be recognized by the Chinese because of its being written in English.

"A Leaf in the Storm" is not a sequel, though the Yao family reappears and the continuity goes on. It is a triangle love-story with the present war as background, including the mass migration of refugees to the interior. The characters leave Peking for Shanghai, then Hankow, where the tale ends in 1938. Malin is a beautiful, warm-hearted girl who has been several times what she calls "a kept woman," as well as having been mixed up involuntarily with a pro-Japanese intrigue as the concubine of an important general. She is an easy conquest for Poya and becomes his mistress, aspiring to supplant his wife and find her place "in the garden" of his wealthy family. She seeks a home and love, however, not money nor position. During the exigencies of war she is protected and inspired by their older mutual friend, Lao Peng, a Buddhist ascetic and humanitarian, who soon makes up the love triangle. She changes her name to Tanni, which is symbolic of the new spiritual values which Lao Peng brings into her life by converting her to Buddhism, and does war-work in the interior. "Every leaf in the storm is an individual with a heart and feelings and aspirations and longings, and each is as important as the others. Our task here is to trace what the war did to one woman, one leaf among the millions," Lin says.

This original concept of a war novel was a very good one, but unfortunately the background is not organically integrated with the central theme. The love-story could easily be lifted out of its context and put in ordinary surroundings. Such minor intrinsic changes as occur to its characters are brought about by influences that owe little to the great drama around them. It seems a waste of talent and labor that, with rich material at hand, Lin should have chosen such relatively insignificant, untypical, and in many ways uninteresting and unsympathetic central characters, and that he should have taken refuge in Buddhist philosophy and a far-from-epic love story, instead of grasping at the significant and fundamental changes that are in fact uprooting the lives of many millions during this upheaval. It is a delightful relief whenever Yumei speaks, for this healthy peasant girl-refugee, who acts as servant to Tanni, seems like the fresh voice of the people in an atmosphere of decadence and triviality, and Lin has drawn a charming portrait of her.

In "Moment in Peking" Lin showed a sure hand. Here the story falls between his fingers. He is as charming as ever, though, and gives a colorful panorama of China at war, interspersed with many true episodes, not neglecting Japanese atrocities. There is too much crowding, too much exposition, and too little of the indirect method, to bring its dramatic potentialities to fulfillment. Though it falls disappointingly behind the promise of his first novel, it is an exciting story and an important book for Americans to read. As in Lin's other four books, it contributes tremendously to our understanding of China.

Colonial New York

L. BAXTER, MEDICUS. By Knud Stouman. New York: Greystone Press. 1941. 406 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THIS Dutch-American, colonial, medical romance deals with enticing topical matters and deals with them well, with simplicity and Dutch vigor. Lourens Steenwyck Baxter is the nephew of the early New York mayor, Cornelis van Steenwyck (Mayor, 1668-70 and 1682-3), and son of an English sea captain. He takes an early interest in what was regarded, not without reason, as the inferior profession of healing. The intriguing argument over whether pulverized bone from a Negro's skull is as efficacious as that from a Dutchman's in the preparation of "weapon salve"—salve applied to a weapon to heal the wound it has inflicted—awakens Lourens to the charm of science.

He works out an apprenticeship with a doctor who has become fairly successful through his expertness at empirical therapeutics, then goes on to the university at Leyden, leaving the sweetheart of his nonage in New York. In Leyden, he learns what is to be known of anatomy at the time, a little more medicine, and a good deal of scientific thinking from Leeuwenhoek with his microscopes. He is faithful (in his fashion), to the American sweetheart, the fashion including a semi-official lady of comparatively high birth, and a mistress whose excellently detailed charms are enhanced by the fact that her mother's skeleton, slightly damaged, since the lady was hanged, is one of the prize specimens of the Leyden anatomical museum. There is a little of the weird fragrance of the great deCoster in some of these passages.

After a term with Sydenham in London, Lourens returns to the Dutch-English town on the Hudson, where he is only fairly successful because of the long established faith in such conservative remedies as split toads, viper's-flesh poultices, and ground unicorn's horn. Being half Dutch he marries his first sweetheart according to program and produces children; being half English he is annoyed by her intolerance for everything but cleanliness, cooking, and propagation.

The romantic elements of the plot are disentangled by the Leisler Rebellion, and it is indicated that the survivors live happily and adventurously ever after, or at least as long as L. Baxter's skill can preserve them.

The story is told with direction and economy, as befits a work in which settings and circumstances contribute plenty of high color and action.

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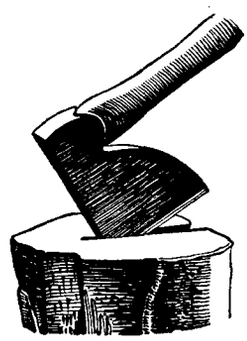
The Triumphs of Craftsmanship

TWO REVIEWS BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE MAYFIELD DEER. By Mark Van Doren. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1941. 272 *pp.* $2.50.

THE author of "The Mayfield Deer" is a Pulitzer Prize winner and already established as a poet of numerous volumes. The present narrative, in flexible and vivid blank verse, treats of what Mr. Van Doren denominates "an arch-incident" in western American history, something that actually may have happened "as legends happen, everywhere and necessarily." In a brief preface the author says that for the situation at the beginning of his poem he is "indebted to two or three pages of an Illinois county history" turned up at random. "In 1841 an old hunter, straying in search of a doe he had lost, was asked by certain settlers whether she might not have been shot; and answered that she wore a red flannel backband and a brass bell to show that she was tame, adding in anger that if anybody had shot her he would 'put a bullet through him if it was seven years afterwards.' He kept a turkey bone in his belt to call her by if she still lived."

Upon the further reference that the settlers had feared for a neighbor boy who had recently brought in the carcass of a deer with a red band and a bell about its neck, Mr. Van Doren has built his poem concerning Seth Golliday, the Illinois youth; Nancy Emerson, whom he loves; old Richman, the mad hunter in eighteenth-century togs; Thorsten, the strange storekeeper-philosopher; David, the brother who revenges; other Golliday and Richmans, the Buells, and the rest. It is a story that also involves gods both near and far, gods that seem to bear some sort of relationship (though not vocally) to the phantasmal Intelligences of Thomas Hardy's "Dynasts," and, more nearly, to the spirits attending the hopes and fears of man in the steeplechase of Masefield's "Right Royal."



—Line drawings by Armin Landeck from the book.

These last constitute a device on the part of the author to relate his poem to a larger life than that of local episode. Yet, so true a poet, with so profound a knowledge of larger significations, is Mr. Van Doren, that I found the device a slight irritant. So far as power of characterization and description goes, realization of dramatic possibilities, handling of suspense, and re-creation of atmosphere, I have nothing but praise for this poet's mastery. The events of that deadly pioneer November are movingly described, the psychologies subtly examined, the final confrontation between David and old Richman, in its different way, is as strong a scene as that of old time in Blackmore, between John Ridd and Carver Doone. The poem achieves its larger significance through faithfulness to the natural unfolding of the legend's consequences. Incidentally, Armin Landeck's decoration of the text is beautifully appropriate.

My two strictures are slight. First, I feel in the style, in spite of the true homespun that is woven, a very slight reminiscence of the manner of the late Edwin Arlington Robinson. Second, the dialogue has a tendency to be rather more "literary" than I can wholly approve. On the other hand, I do not wish to place too much emphasis upon what may easily be hyper-criticism. In the main, the skill of the craftsman's hand is everywhere apparent, without being obtrusive.

In future time, I think, it will increasingly be recognized that Mark Van Doren has been one of the American creative writers who count in our national literature. He has proceeded at his own pace and in his own way. He possesses not only keen intelligence but tough fibre. In this poem he has lifted a characteristically American legend into a kind of eternity. He has deepened our recognition of the mystery of life by revealing the implications of a primitive tale.

Limited Editions Award

On November 26th Sinclair Lewis will present the Limited Editions Club's Gold Medal Award to a hitherto unrevealed winner at a literary breakfast to be held in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel's Jade Room.

ANOTHER ENGLAND. By Dilys Bennett Laing. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 1941. 67 *pp.* $2.

IT is a pleasure to feel, on laying down a book of verse, "People must know about this—I must write about it!"

I know nothing about the poet, save what I read here. But that she is a very fine poet I have not the slightest doubt, that she possesses that gift greater than rubies and infinitely rare among versifiers of the day, a true ear and a native genius for the precise word—of this I have no doubt either. Whether she writes gravely, gripping the heart, or lightly of cat, pheasant, squirrel, or skier, her pen is impelled by the wrist of an artist, she knows the ways of words. Her title poem gives us this war as it has come not only to England but to all sensitive to the tragedy of the world, through personal experience. Her work is exciting for its sureness of touch and its combination of strength and delicacy. She uses rhyme or assonance with equal dexterity. She can take the trivialities of modern life, a pretty girl looking at her wrist-watch, a hairdresser metamorphosed into Pygmalion, and present them in words one has almost at once by heart. She can say

> Thank you for silence,
> For saying nothing at all
> when the moment was too big,
> the heart too small—

and she can fashion a poem on the Chinese bodhisattva, or goddess of mercy, as beautiful as a Chinese porcelain, while saying in another quatrain, of the Japanese version, Kwannon:

> She suckles in her silken bodice
> a little murdered man.

She can write of Mankind, in "The Eternal,"

> Man imperishably stands
> through his thousand destinies.
> There are planets in his eyes,
> there are aeons in his hands.
>
> Time in him is ever now:
> yesterday is in his veins
> and tomorrow in his loins
> and forever on his brow.

I shall be greatly surprised if those lines do not endure for a long while.

This is a book slight in bulk, but a book that should be read by all who value the pure Hippocras.

This book is distinguished. There is not the slightest doubt about it. Its rare virtue should not go unrecognized.

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Organization or Subjugation?

THE LAST BEST HOPE OF EARTH. By Harry Scherman. New York: Random House. 1941. 75 *cents.*

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MR. SCHERMAN, truly observing that the confusion and indecision that paralyzes this country at present is largely due to an uncertainty as to just what is going on in the world, presents in this brief essay a "philosophy for the war" which, so far as it goes, is pretty nearly irrefutable. Skeptical readers may feel that it does not go as far as he seems to think; and that the solution he offers, while it may be what the world needs, is not what the world is going to get for some time to come, so that we might as well reconcile ourselves to having to make the best of something less satisfactory. But at any rate one facet of the current cosmic complex is here lucidly and cogently set forth.

The thesis, briefly, is that "all the diverse peoples on this planet are now bound together, inseparably, in an economic world union"; that "while this economic and cultural world-unification has been speeded up, political unification had lagged, and that lag has meant endless destruction." So far, nobody could give him much of an argument. The Versailles Treaty was about as fair an arrangement, from the nationalistic viewpoint, as could be drawn in Europe, so long as people think primarily in terms of nationality and boundary lines; but when it permitted those national boundaries to become spite fences that stopped the flow of goods, it began building the pavement along which the German panzer divisions rolled to victory. And Mr. Scherman goes on to the conclusion, which finds a good deal of support in what Hitler has been doing to European economic organization, that the question now is whether "this more advanced political unification of human society is to be imposed by armed force or achieved by a meeting of minds. That is what the war is about. . . . The Germans propose to be, as a single people, in final control for their prime benefit of this economic world union which human civilization has achieved."

Well, there is no doubt about that. The Minister of Economics, Dr. Funk, has candidly remarked that the result of this war (he assumes, of course, a Nazi victory) will be a higher standard of living for the German people; and the hell with all the other peoples who make that higher standard possible by their slave labor. The process has already begun; from the conquered countries anything the Germans may need is transferred to the home of the Herrenvolk—machinery, labor, the finished product; but whichever it may be, it is whatever the Germans find most useful.

All true, so far as it goes; but to imply, as Mr. Scherman seems to imply, that it is pretty nearly the whole story, is to fall back on a primarily economic motivation of history such as hardly seems to be borne out by the evidence. To people of Mr. Scherman's generation and mine the economic interpretations that were fashionable in our youth still seem authoritative, but some of the worst errors of recent years have been due to precisely this reliance on the predominance of economic motivation in dealing with people who were thinking in quite different ways. An incidental consequence of Nazi conquests, if they are retained, will be the economic unification of Europe around and for the benefit of Germany; but there is little evidence that this is the primary inspiration of the Nazi movement. It is a good talking point for those Germans who think primarily in economic terms, and the Nazis, being shrewd fellows who think of everything, use that argument as they use others, wherever it will be effective. But the ruling passion of the ruling Nazis is a phony-heroic Weltanschauung which drives them to go out after the kingdoms of this world and the glories of them. The assets of them come along too, but it is the power and the glory and not the incidentally acquired wealth that Hitler and his paladins are driving at.

Harry Scherman

Nor is it wholly possible to follow Mr. Scherman in his apparent belief that the chief trouble with the isolationists is that they simply do not recognize the actuality of economic world-unification. This is doubtless true of some of them; but there is a type, and a particularly dangerous type, of isolationist thinking (if it may be so termed by courtesy) which holds that in a world dominated by Hitler you could go on with the old kind of economic interchange that the world knew before 1914. It is true that they don't recognize something; but perhaps it is less the fact of economic unity than the Nazi threat to the kind of unity they have come to take for granted. And it is to be feared that these gentlemen will be encouraged by one of Mr. Scherman's arguments which is hardly supportable on any but a priori and transcendental grounds.

"The Germans cannot win such a war. The two basic notions which animate them—that two billion human beings can be held in subjection by a single 'master people' for its prime benefit, and that the technical means exist to make this now possible—could only originate among a people as politically inexperienced as the Germans have already shown themselves to be." I should like to believe this; we should all like to believe it, for if it is true we don't have to take the trouble to do anything about it; God will dispose of Hitler in His own good time. And the trouble is that a great many Americans do believe it; Mr. Scherman probably did not mean it so, but as he states this heartening doctrine it sounds very much like the heresy of Hoover, that "the forces working in Hitler's regime will some time destroy his dreams." How, Mr. Hoover does not say; nor when. Some time in the twenty-fourth century, perhaps? So Greeks and Carthaginians overrun by the Romans may have heartened themselves by the faith that the forces working in the Roman Empire would some time destroy it; as they did, after six hundred years. Meanwhile the Roman Empire had become a far more respectable and useful institution than Hitler's empire shows any potentialities of becoming; when it fell, the fall was a real loss. But whether it had so turned out or not, six hundred years would have been a long time to wait.

Mr. Scherman calls the Nazi doctrine that the technical means exist to keep the world in subjection "a logic-mad idea." But no revolt is possible against tanks and bombing planes, especially in highly industrialized districts; chetniks in the Serbian mountains may hold out for a while, but no open defiance is possible

(*Continued on page* 20)

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The Saturday Review
of Literature
EDITORIAL BOARD
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Harrison Smith
Norman Cousins
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Harrison Smith
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RADIO AND THE NEWS

THE announcement recently made by the *New York Times* that beginning December first it will present hourly broadcasts of news at home and abroad is of good omen, for it turns anew to the service of the public the facilities of one of the greatest newsgathering agencies in the world. It is an agency which can count not only on the usual sources of information open to all important radio systems, but one which can rely as well upon the observations of one of the most widely flung and ably staffed body of correspondents to be found. There is no outpost of empire so remote but that the *Times* has its representatives there, and no newspaper whose name is a greater open sesame to high places than its own. Its broadcasts will undoubtedly skim the cream from the reports which constantly pour into its offices, and its practised journalists will decant the news in interesting fashion.

On the whole, the general public is probably but imperfectly aware of the hours of labor and painstaking effort which go into the highly compressed news summaries so rapidly delivered over the air. They have a disarming simplicity which conceals the fact that back of each statement lies an examination of a multiplicity of dispatches and reports, and back of each cautious generalization and speculation lies a meticulous study of correspondence, communiques, interviews, rumors, accounts of officials and travelers, maps, all that complex of information which has to be checked and rechecked, weighed and evaluated in order to arrive at some approximation of the truth. The millions who listen to them daily are getting the grist of a careful mill. Yet, and by very reason of the fact that its news has been so highly digested, the broadcast can never fill the place of the newspaper for the person who is concerned with more than the surface of affairs. For of necessity there drops out of the news as it comes over the radio the countless small details which give animation and intimacy to the general tapestry of events, and which, in their vivid transcription of human experience, evoke the sympathies and crystallize the sentiments of men.

It is a truism, of course, that it is only the rarest individual who is as profoundly affected by disaster on a vast scale as by the tragedies that fall within his immediate experience. A famine in India moves the average man less than the starvation of a single individual around the corner, and a railroad wreck in Pennsylvania fills him with greater horror than a typhoon that wipes out thousands in the Orient. It is perhaps well for the sanity of mankind, in a fearful age such as ours, that the horrors devastating the world are unrealizable to the full by those fortunately removed from them, yet it would nevertheless be a dire calamity were the hideous reality be allowed to take on the remoteness which lack of detail would give it. It is not only as organs of opinion and purveyors of events that newspapers are valuable, but as builders of sentiment, as agencies for waking the sympathies, rousing the indignation, and guiding the understanding of those on whom rests the hope of ameliorating the suffering of the world. The newspaper correspondent can do what the broadcaster is rarely given leeway to do: he can depict the victims in the wrack of war, the peasant driven from his home, the children enfeebled by lack of food, the respected citizen labeled and reviled, the pitiful hosts of sufferers rendered homeless and helpless. He, in the amplitude of his columns, can describe the world in the terms of individuals instead of aggregates and so make their misfortunes of burning concern to others more fortunate than themselves.

Much has been said in recent years of the evils of propaganda, of the dangers inherent in the methods used to win men even to a worthy cause or course of action. But there is danger, too, in lack of propaganda, in the acquiescence in a situation which can result from mere failure to be constantly aroused by it. Between the sensationalism which panders to love of excitement, and the propaganda which works to keep abhorrence of evil-doing at fever heat, is a world of difference. And the newspaper correspondent and press agent today has the high opportunity of serving humanity by presenting the cause of the suffering in a way to open the heart and the purse-strings of the world to him. To the broadcaster his news; to the correspondent his propaganda.

A. L.

Yankee Clipper

By Leonard Bacon

WE'RE making sail on the Yankee Clipper.
Blow! Blow! Blow the Man down!
Though the gale that's rising is a white-eyed ripper.
Blow! Blow! Blow the Man down!
It's a living gale, but we're making sail,
For we've sighted Moby Dick the whale,
Sighted him over the combers booming
On the far horizon fuming and spuming,
Seen his flukes on the skyline flailing,
And we'll make him sorry we took up whaling.
About we come, to the windward reaching,
Away to the place where we saw him breaching,
Heaving up from the deep profound.
And we're going to hit him before he can sound.
For we have conned and learned the part,
And we'll sock it to him with the bright long dart.
Nantucket, New Bedford! Be not afeared
Of such a whale as never was speared.
Deep though he sound, we know his path
And the iron shall smite him beyond Cape Wrath.
High though he breach, we'll do him under,
For all he may wallow and batter and thunder.
And we'll eat our chowder in New Bedford town.
Blow! Blow! Blow the Man down!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Writing Sisters

SIR:—I have read with interest the letter of Joseph Gavit about "Laurence Hope" in your issue of Nov. 15. I wonder if Mr. Gavit knows that "Laurence Hope" was the sister of Vivien Cory, who used the penname of "Victoria Cross" and wrote the enormously successful novel "Life's Shop Window" which I published in 1906. I remember the day in 1894 when the two sisters and their mother called at the office of John Lane in London, with the manuscript of Vivien Cory's first novel "Six Chapters of a Man's Life." Mr. Lane submitted the manuscript to Sidney Colvin, John Davidson, and Richard LeGallienne who declared it a work of genius. One of the chapters was published in the first number of "The Yellow Book."

MITCHELL KENNERLEY.

New York.

Dr. Watson's Wife's Mother

SIR:—Recently rereading the "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" the following contradictory statements in two stories caught my attention. Perhaps some of your readers—and Sherlock Holmes's—can explain the discrepancies.

In "The Sign of the Four" Mary Morstan, the woman Dr. Watson married, makes the following statement: "The facts are these. My father was an officer in an Indian regiment who sent me home when I was quite a child. My mother was dead and I had no relatives in England."

Says Dr. Watson in "The Five Orange Pips": "My wife was on a visit to her mother's and for a few days I was a dweller once more in our old quarters at Baker Street."

MARY STEWART.

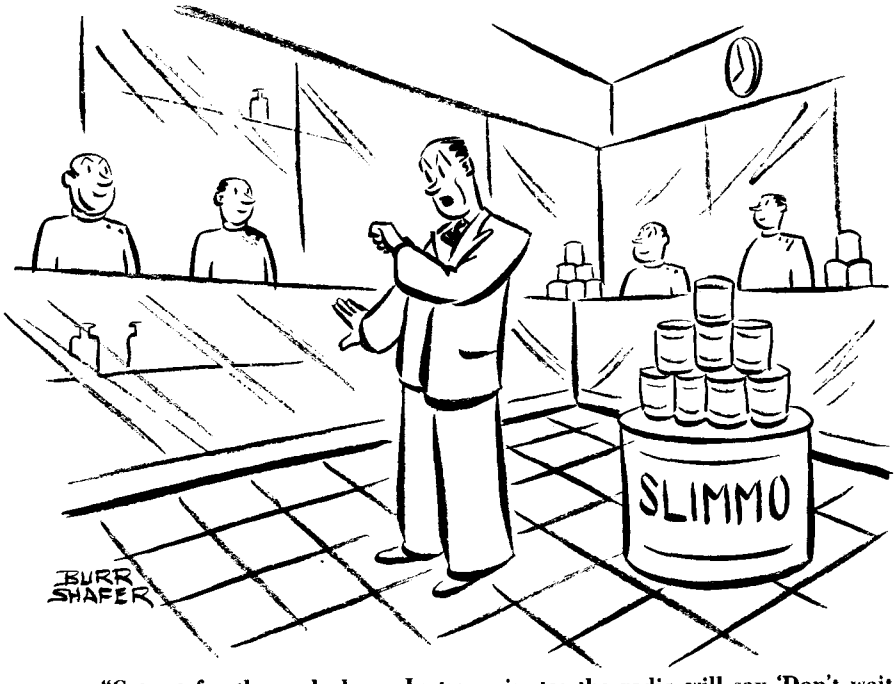
Los Angeles.

What Is the Answer?

SIR:—My novels never live to grow up. Before they barely reach adolescence, the most inhuman mutilation takes place. The check seems so distant, and spot cash so tempting, that I tear them limb from limb, and sell the gags straight from the mouth of my brain children at a dollar a piece. (When I become so mercenary that I part with the drollest saying of my hero, I demand two dollars!) *SRL* has been my literary Bible for a long time, but never between its covers have I discovered a writer who makes a decent living writing "funnies." Yet, day by day, I find myself writing less fiction and more jokes. Is it possible to make a living by this sort of writing alone? Is there any place in the literary world for one who forsakes all that is serious and all that is beautiful to make the world out as funny as she sees it?

JULIA CHENEY EDDY.

West Brattleboro, Vt.



"Get set for the rush, boys. In two minutes the radio will say 'Don't wait, run right this minute to your nearest drug-store for a bottle of Slimmo'."

Children's Books

SIR:—Mr. Benét's editorial [*SRL*, Nov. 8] is most pleasing and truthful. A representative of one of our large publishing houses made this statement to me—"They have cut the boys' books so thin that there is nothing to them."

Page 29 of "St. Louis Public Library Annual Report, 1939," estimates 139,000 children under fifteen years of age in the city. Only 36,249 are registered as borrowers. My own opinion is that not over 20,000 use the library to any extent. With some twenty branches, why should such a small percentage of children use the library? My personal opinion is the BOOKS!

How can the library habit be developed if the children do not like the books?

How can the complacency of reviewers, librarians etc. be corrected?

JOHN P. WENTWORTH.

Richmond Heights Public Library
Richmond Heights, Missouri.

Robinson Crusoe's Island

SIR:—Your review of Gunther's "Inside Latin America" cites as an error the placing of Crusoe's island in the Caribbean and says it was off the coast of Chile. Has your reviewer read "Robinson Crusoe"? Does she imagine that its scene is laid on Juan Fernandez? Crusoe says his island was off the mouth of the Orinoco. He tells how he got there: he was off the coast of Guiana, trying to make the port of Barbadoes, when his ship was driven off her course by the storm that wrecked her. He tells how he saw in the distance the high land of the continent to the west and west-southwest. If he had been on Juan Fernandez, and if we falsely imagine this to be within sight of the Andes, he would have seen the continent east of him. He acquired Friday because his island was within canoeing distance of the home of the Indians. Friday could never have reached Juan Fernandez. The Indians of Chile (who, by the way, were not cannibals) did not possess the Polynesian art of steering ships far across the high seas.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

Stories by Evelyn Waugh

SIR:—In the *SRL* for September 13th a letter from L. S. Hillman of Grand Rapids, Michigan, calls the attention of readers to Evelyn Waugh's brilliant novel "A Handful of Dust." Lest Mr. Hillman and others interested may not have discovered a small volume of short stories by Mr. Waugh, I should like to mention it in this column.

The collection, entitled "Mr. Loveday's Little Outing and Other Sad Stories," was published in 1936, and will not want to be missed by either devotees of the short story or of Evelyn Waugh. One of the stories is "By Special Request"; an alternative ending to "A Handful of Dust." This ending was used in the serialized version and at first glance seems to be the conventional "happy ending." Actually, in another sense, it is even more tragic than the true ending in the novel as published.

NORMAN B. MCDONALD.

Detroit, Michigan.

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Cemetery Path

LEONARD Q. ROSS

I must have been nine or ten when I read this story. I never forgot its subtle horror. I have told it many times, and to many people; no one has been able to offer a clue to the author or origin.

IVAN was a timid little man—so timid that the villagers called him "Pigeon" or mocked him with the title, "Ivan the Terrible." Every night Ivan stopped in at the saloon which was on the edge of the village cemetery. Ivan never crossed the cemetery to get to his lonely shack on the other side. The path through the cemetery would save him many minutes, but he had never taken it—not even in the full light of noon.

Late one winter's night, when bitter wind and snow beat against the saloon, the customers took up the familiar mockery. "Ivan's mother was scared by a canary when she carried him in her womb." "Ivan the Terrible—Ivan the Terribly Timid One."

Ivan's sickly protest only fed their taunts, and they jeered cruelly when the young Cossack lieutenant flung his horrid challenge at their quarry.

"You are a pigeon, Ivan. You'll walk all around the cemetery in this hell's cold—but you dare not cross the cemetery."

Ivan murmured, "The cemetery is nothing to cross, Lieutenant. It is nothing but earth, like all the other earth."

The lieutenant cried, "A challenge, then! Cross the cemetery tonight, Ivan,

—Woodcut by Hans Mueller.

and I'll give you five rubles—five gold rubles!"

Perhaps it was the vodka. Perhaps it was the temptation of the five gold rubles. No one ever knew why Ivan, moistening his lips, said suddenly: "Yes, Lieutenant, I'll cross the cemetery!"

The saloon echoed with their disbelief. The lieutenant winked to the men and unbuckled his saber. "Here, Ivan. When you get to the center of the cemetery, in front of the biggest tomb, stick the saber into the ground. In the morning we shall go there. And if the saber is in the ground—five gold rubles to you!"

Ivan took the saber. The men drank a toast: "To Ivan the Terrible!" They roared with laughter.

The wind howled around Ivan as he closed the door of the saloon behind him. The cold was knife-sharp. He buttoned his long coat and crossed the dirt road. He could hear the lieutenant's voice, louder than the rest, yelling after him, "Five rubles, pigeon! *If you live!*"

Ivan pushed the cemetery gate open. He walked fast. "Earth, just earth . . . like any other earth." But the darkness was a massive dread. "Five gold rubles . . . " The wind was cruel and the saber was like ice in his hands. Ivan shivered under the long, thick coat and broke into a limping run.

He recognized the large tomb. He must have sobbed—that was the sound that was drowned in the wind. And he kneeled, cold and terrified, and drove the saber into the hard ground. With his fist, he beat it down to the hilt. It was done. The cemetery . . . the challenge . . . five gold rubles.

Ivan started to rise from his knees. But he could not move. Something held him. Something gripped him in an unyielding and implacable hold. Ivan tugged and lurched and pulled—gasping in his panic, shaken by a monstrous fear. But something held Ivan. He cried out in terror, then made senseless gurgling noises.

They found Ivan, next morning, on the ground in front of the tomb that was in the center of the cemetery. He face was not that of a frozen man's, but of a man killed by some nameless horror. And the lieutenant's saber was in the ground where Ivan had pounded it—through the dragging folds of his long coat.

[*Editor's Note: Readers are invited to suggest the source of this story.*]

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

CAUSES OF SCHOOLBOY FIGHTS

Edward L. Adams, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, is the author of this week's quiz. Do you recall the memorable encounters listed below? Allowing 5 points if you can name either of the contestants, and another 5 if you remember the story in which the fight occurred, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 18.

1. The hero's ire was aroused by the dandified appearance of a new boy in town, who wore shoes, even on a week day!
2. The hero attacked a bully who was beating a small boy who had made him ridiculous in class by knowing the lesson too well.
3. The hero accused the other boy of cheating while pitching pennies.
4. The hero attacked a bully who was beating a small boy who had broken a bottle of rum-shrub that the bully had sent him to buy.
5. A new boy was showing the others how to fight, when one of the latter, not liking to be outdone by a new boy and a younger one at that, challenged him to a real fight.
6. The hero attacked a bully who was beating a small boy because the latter was suspected by him of knowing a good deal about the persons who had played an annoying trick on him.
7. Anger at being called "a little gentleman" caused him to pelt his friends with fresh tar.
8. The hero called the other boy a fool when he fired a gun awkwardly.
9. During a quarrel, the other boy called the hero a beggarly bastard.
10. Though not in the least unfriendly to each other, these two boys were forced to fight every evening for a week in order to satisfy the savage instincts of their respective groups.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 400)

WILLIAM BYRD (of Westover): *THE SECRET DIARY (1709-1712)*

*I rose at five o'clock and read a chapter in Hebrew and some Greek in Lucian. I wrote several letters . . . but neglected to say my prayers, but I ate boiled milk for breakfast. After church . . . I found no fire, everything else out of order.

*A sample entry.

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Lord Byron, 1816-1823

BYRON IN ITALY. By Peter Quennell. New York: The Viking Press. 1941. 274 *pp., and index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts

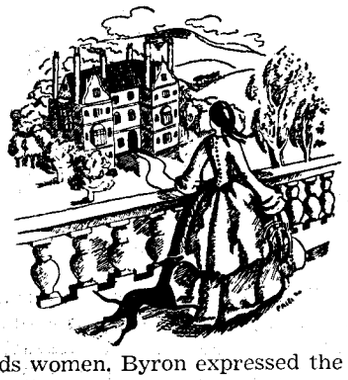
THIS fascinating, often penetrating and brilliant essay in biography covers Byron's life from 1816 to 1823. That is, from the violent volcanic eruption which signalled his exile from England, to the days when, stirred once more into a reflection of his old fire—nervous, anxious, almost garrulous—the poet (who at thirty-three felt as if he were sixty) flattered, embarrassed, and charmed Marguerite Blessington. There is a lovely balance in Mr. Quennell's narrative, which opens with John Polidori, that poor, strutting little doctor, eagerly anticipating his tour with the great Lord Byron, and ends with Byron, tears in his eyes, stammered farewells on his lips, watching the Blessingtons take the road from Genoa to Lucca.

The great virtues of Mr. Quennell's approach to a subject and a man so vastly over-studied is that he is at once critical and enthusiastic, that he sees Byron in relation to his friends and contemporaries, and that he tries, often successfully, to distinguish between what Byron was, what he was taken to be, and what he pretended to be. It is impossible with a character so self-dramatizing to distinguish precisely between the man and the mask, the conviction and the pose. Mr. Quennell admits this; but I think he might have emphasized a little more the causes which make Byron one of the least integrated, least controlled of great artists.

Mr. Quennell, though he writes sympathetically of Shelley, is inclined to be a little impatient at the judgment which represents Shelley as angel, Byron as devil: the contrast is too sharp. Surely the truth is simply that Shelley, silly, childish, tactless, cruel as he could be, was always a man who tried to follow a principle: Byron, whose principles were conventional, found a horrid joy in flouting them. I think Mr. Quennell is right in saying that Byron, in contrast with his imitators and creatures, was not Byronic: but how he would have liked to be!

Of the degraded months at the Palazzo Mocenigo Mr. Quennell writes too gently. That sordid time when Byron filled his house with pimps, harlots, ruffians of the canals, bullies, and doubtful epicene creatures alone places him far below Shelley as a man: there was something incurably caddish and incurably adolescent in Byron. A preference for stupid women, and a contempt for female intelligence are sure signs that a man is not an adult: Byron only tolerated brains in women who were too old to be beddable. Essentially he was unadventurous in this aspect of life, as is shown clearly by his disastrous passion for Augusta Leigh.

Byronism ushered in an age of crass vulgarity in the attitude of men to-



wards women. Byron expressed the essence of it in a sentence he wrote when Lady Melbourne died. She was, he wrote, "my greatest friend of the feminine gender:—when I say 'friend' I mean *not* mistress, for that's the antipode." That would have seemed disgusting nonsense, not only to the civilized people of King René's court, but to the pilgrims whom Chaucer accompanied, to the light, indelicate gallants of Boccacio, and even to that roaring, lying, gustful amorist Casanova de Seingalt. In a sentence those drear and dirty years in Venice show that Byron, who craved and dreaded to be wicked, could be a vicious, incontinent, and feeble debauchee.

He wanted, yet feared to be wicked. Only here, I think, does Mr. Quennell fail to get back into Byron's time, and Byron's respect for his time. He is not well enough acquainted with the religious background of the period. He does once mention Calvinism and its effect on the poet, but I can see no sign that he properly estimates Byron's firm intellectual adherence to a rather conventional Christianity. Mr. Quennell dismisses "Cain" as "that ponderous Biblical concoction." It was much more than that to Byron: and it seemed to the sober, unextravagant Walter Scott a terrible challenge to the Almighty. It seems poor enough fustian to us today; but it represented something monstrous to its author, whose unbridled individualism was never so gratified as when he was in vociferous rebellion against Powers whom he believed in and whose triumph he saw as eternally foreordained. So, through all his life, through vices and generosities, we can grant Byron one great virtue, the most dangerous of all virtues, if it be alone: the virtue of courage.

Primer of Philosophy

BRAVE ENOUGH FOR LIFE. By Bonaro W. Overstreet. New York: Harper & Bros. 1941. 210 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by Richard R. Plant

THIS primer of practical philosophy might have been written as a collection of letters. Mrs. Overstreet, aware of the tide of despair and fatalism that has engulfed many people, offers an inventory of all the things that have made her life worthwhile. She hopes that her audiences will share her esteem of poetry, her views on philosophy, and her delight in the many friendships that can be made a part of everyone's life-pattern. It is a "confession" in the best sense, a book so intimate and personal that one feels one is reading the letters of a friend's friend, which originally were not destined for publication. The chapters are loosely connected, and interspersed with much poetry, quotation, and anecdote. Mrs. Overstreet does not make us feel in every line that she is a lecturer and educator: she strictly avoids the moralizing tone and that cheerful note of: "Just see what an interesting world we live in!" which has rendered many a teacher's book indigestible for the adult as well as the adolescent mind. In fact, I think that many adolescents would gain a good deal from the book and enjoy every line of it. It would be splendid for high school Seniors: for that pliable age when one starts to discover the world for one's self.

Here and there one might quibble with Mrs. Overstreet's choice of philosophers, scientists, and poets; one might wonder at the absence of Spinoza and Kant; connoisseurs of literature might be irritated by her frequent quotations from Edwin Arlington Robinson; others will complain that not once is music mentioned as one of the few great sources of enchantment and consolation. These are minor matters. More serious, we would say, is the fact that Mrs. Overstreet rarely goes so far as to describe the appearance and the causes of the disorientation which has befallen mankind. Hers is not the terrifying vision of a world at the mercy of humanity's gangdom—a vision shared equally by such diverse writers as Reinhold Niebuhr, William Shirer, and Hermann Rauschning. Mrs. Overstreet's book makes for more pleasant reading. It is earnest, however, stimulating, zestful, and wise.

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Sinclair . . .

YEARS OF ILLUSION. By Harold Sinclair. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1941. 369 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by FAIRFAX DOWNEY

THIS novel starts off like a house afire. Like quite a lot of houses afire, in fact, for Chapter I describes the burning of the business section of the locale of the story. As the two newspapers of the tale doubtless headlined it: BLAZE GUTS DOWNTOWN EVERTON.

"Years of Illusion" is not primarily a yarn about a newspaper, although the saga of the *Globe* forms a prominent part of it, and is well told. Obviously, Harold Sinclair 'used to be a newspaperman himself." The book deals with a midwestern prairie city and its people. It is the concluding volume of a trilogy on that theme. This reviewer read neither of its predecessors and as a consequence may lack understanding of continuity and background. However, the present opus can stand by itself.

Chapter headings are dates, running from 1900 through 1914, indicating a period piece, and the book is all of that. But the atmosphere is not pumped in under forced draft. The times and customs are ably portrayed without any of the weren't-they-quaint sort of thing. The setting features the early automobiles and their vagaries, the magnificent free lunches at saloons, mail-order catalogues dog eared from being read to a frazzle in vine-clad privies—that panorama which was yesterday or the day before for most of us, and a queer, slightly incredible era to our youngsters.

But Mr. Sinclair never forgets that he is writing a novel, writing about people. While a few of his characters are shadowy, most of them have reality, are distinct and well-drawn—the men more so than the women. You like them or they disgust you. Which is all to the good. A novelist who allows his readers to stay in the neutrality camp doesn't know his craft.

The careers of a pair of heroes run parallel and are interwoven: middle-aged, well-to-do John Ransom, third generation of a pioneer family, and gallant young Parnell McGuire, the newspaper carrier who became a *Globe* reporter. These two worked out their destiny through the years of illusion, through the period which the cynical Professor Chadwick labeled: "Complacency—that's the keynote of the present American decade. Well, we had better enjoy it—if anyone *does* enjoy it—while we can."

It should be reported of this novel

Harold Sinclair

that Sex Rears Its Indispensable Head. That old urge was little written about during the period (a sensational exception of course was Elinor Glynn's "Three Weeks" over which the Everton ladies' book clubs held titillating secret sessions), but modern novelists make up for lost copy and tell all. So here we have the seduction of a lad by a red-haired wench in vaudeville, and the abandoned actions of a nice girl who could stand just so much frustration and no more.

Yet for a telling quotation my choice is easily a portion of the editorial Professor Chadwick wrote for the *Globe* on the outbreak of the First World War:

> This is and will be the temper of the American people. We will talk about staying out of this conflict because, like sensible men, we want to stay out. No reasonable man, unless he uses the German definition of reason, wants to get shot. . . . This war . . . is no more nor less than the long-suppressed eruption of the Germanic desire for conquest. If successful in Europe, that will be only the beginning. . . . If some genius would make the United States of America believe this now, in the end it would probably save two millions of useful human lives and untold millions in property, physical and spiritual, which the sweat and tears of men have built in order that we might be even thus far on the road to civilization of a sort.

"Years of Illusion." A good title. And certainly not dated.

Double Success

The team of Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall have struck another success with their new novel, "Botany Bay." A fourth printing of 10,000 copies has been ordered, which brings the total copies printed so far up to 45,000.

Kelly . . .

DAYS ARE AS GRASS. By Wallace McElroy Kelly. New York: Alfred A. Knopf Co. 1941. 483 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES

VICTORIAN enough in its first part and on its last page to make one suspect that quality may be in the author himself, this first published novel of Mr. Kelly's qualifies nevertheless for the Alfred A. Knopf Fellowship it won, and for the commendations of Elizabeth Madox Roberts, which brought it first attention. It qualifies because both author and characters are full of life, the author in deft and intuitive portrayal, in suggestions more piercing than words; the characters in their processes of negation, affirmation, progress, decay, meanness, and greatness.

If Mr. Kelly's future is as bright as this book makes it seem, my guess is that biographers and reviewers in years to come will say his finest mastery was of the element of time. For in this first book it passes in a most convincing way, not marching, but accumulating, not in inconceivable centuries or in the smothering seconds of the stream-of-consciousness style, but in measures best described as monthly. Months that make seasons of which the author is finely aware both indoors and out. Months gathering into years that rot the stately and gracious antebellum homes of a little Kentucky town, that make decadent the souls and ways of inhabitants, bring "progress" in all its loud initial vulgarities, that kill, give birth, adapt, drive away, but never touch the eternities of nature and the soil to which Pick Hayden and his people before him belong.

He loved Florrie Evans when she was life's darling, when her Papa and Mama and sister and she lived happily and proudly and tenderly in the great house. He loved her when her father lost his money and killed himself, and when her world began to break up. He loved her through middle years as she herself began to break, and as the "progress," which she was too patrician to endure and he too fundamental to credit began sweeping both of them aside. And when spiritual decay had become at last so advanced in her that love was impossible between them in either direction, a trouble which gave him a first real need of her help made a story's ending on a better note than total defeat.

Without once saying so, Mr. Kelly gives you to understand poignantly in this book that time is a wrecking crew, but that there are people it cannot wreck, people neither progressive nor conservative but just serviceable.

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Cramer . . .

PHOENIX IN EAST HADLEY. By Maurice B. Cramer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1941. 307 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MARGARET J. BESS

DESPITE momentary lapses into stiltedness and a perhaps too conscious antiquarianism, Mr. Cramer's book of New England sketches proves his talent for shrewd observation, controlled writing, and unhackneyed themes. Indeed, if he had been able to sustain the promise of his first few chapters, he might have taken a by no means lowly place among that exalted company of writers who have presented New England less as a region than as a point of view. The setting, that familiar mingling of cherished past with thin, high-bred deterioration; the Dickinson house, the most imposing in town, yet unable to live down its history; the three Dickinson women, each with a different, though marked crotchet; the tremendous significance of trifles; the ruthlessness that often goes with stubborn honesty and insistence on rights —Mr. Cramer has captured them all with a veracity and economy well suited to his material.

When we turn to the main business of the book, however, the arrival in East Hadley of three strange Phoenixes sent from China for safekeeping and housed incongruously in Mrs. Pickering's chicken house with six or seven ordinary hens, who are naturally a bit overpowered by their foreign guests, we feel on less sure ground. Mrs. Pickering, a bustling, kindly, independent little body, dissatisfied with mere resurrection of the spirit, wants the body to enjoy the same privileges, and she seizes on these birds and their legend as an auspicious omen. The author prepares the reader with great care for the fulfilment of the phoenix myth; his description of the love dance and the subsequent conflagration almost turns the trick. But not quite. A convincing story of the supernatural must build up to an intensity of wonder or belief which the reader shares with the characters. Unfortunately, that intensity is here dissipated by the intrusion of mild genre pictures, some of them, like the romance of Mrs. Pickering's step-daughter and her incredible lover, downright caricature, and by the author's own shift in attitude towards Mrs. Pickering's fantasies. He veers from half-amused affection for what at one moment he treats as innocent and even regional eccentricity, to a rather sentimental reverence for what at another he regards as a profound religious affirmation.

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Atlantica

THE ATLANTIC SYSTEM. By Forrest Davis. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1941. 363 *pp.* $3.

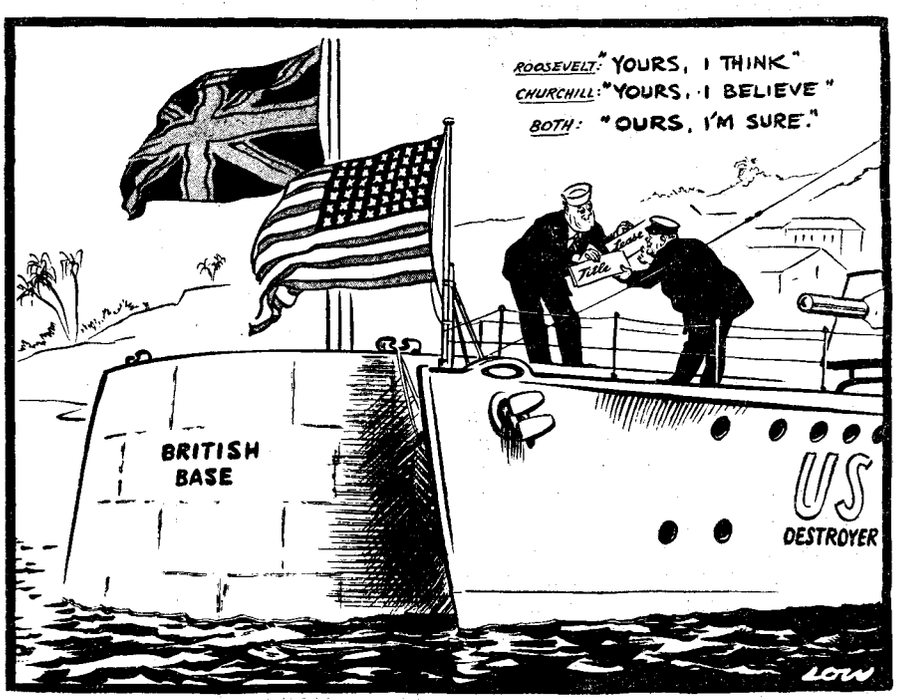
Reviewed by EDWARD MEAD EARLE

FROM Pole to Pole the waves of the Atlantic break on American shores. Its waters wash the coastline of Europe from Norway to Spain, and the African Continent from Casablanca to Cape Town. The Atlantic basin is, in fact, the center of gravity of world power. As compared with the Pacific, it is relatively narrow. Nevertheless, by some curious and not altogether explicable reasoning, millions of Americans consider transatlantic happenings—particularly wars—as "foreign" to our interests and concerns. Not even the rapidly extending range of bombing planes has altogether dispelled this dangerous illusion; hence the strident debate which now rages concerning the stake of the United States in the war.

Mr. Davis has made a notable contribution to an understanding of American policy in this dynamic world. His book is something of a *tour de force* because, although he is a journalist addressing himself to a journalist's audience, he has based his volume upon the sources to which ordinarily only a scholar would repair. (His admirable bibliography, with some notable omissions, contains the pertinent titles and is in itself a useful work of reference.)

Specialists will find little which is new in Mr. Davis's thesis, which is briefly as follows: that after the peaceful solution of the Venezuelan Crisis of 1895-1896, the chances of an Anglo-American war have been virtually nil; that, on the contrary, there has been an increasing coincidence of interests between the United States and Great Britain not merely in the Atlantic but in the Pacific as well; that the writings of Admiral Mahan (whose influence, according to Mr. Davis, was greater before 1914 than that of any publicist other than Karl Marx) emphasized a British-American community of strategic objectives; that antipathy and suspicion of Germany grew simultaneously and almost equally in London and Washington, as the correspondence of Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge would seem to confirm; that the fundamental reason for American intervention in the First World War was an understanding on the part of Woodrow Wilson that the American stake was as great as that of the British in defense of "the Atlantic world." In view of all this, Mr. Davis comes to the conclusion, which will be supported by most experts, that the diplomacy of Franklin D. Roosevelt is concerned only incidentally with Britain for her own sake, but preponderantly with our own strategic and political interests. In a revealing passage, Mr. Davis describes the enormous economic, political, and military potential of the Atlantic system, particularly in combination with the British Empire as a whole. It is one of the outstanding merits of this volume, however, that it is not written by a specialist for specialists. As Mr. Davis explains, he wanted to understand how it has come about that today, as in 1917, the United States is drawn irresistibly to the side of Britain in a great war. He has found the answer, at least in its essentials, and has presented his conclusions in terms which, it is hoped, will be as convincing in Peoria and Denver as in New York and Washington.

In 1900 Brooks Adams spoke of the British Isles as a "fortified outpost" of the United States in the Atlantic, similar to Hawaii in the Far East. Not very much later Sir Cecil Spring-Rice spoke of the United States as the "stronghold of the English-speaking race." This would seem in general terms to describe the situation in which we now find ourselves. It is doubtful if the British Isles ever again will be the metropolitan center of the world, if for no other reason than that the home base of the British fleet will no longer be altogether safe from submarine and air attack and England no longer invulnerable to blockade. Whether Americans like it or not, the scepter of power in the Atlantic will pass into our hands unless Germany wins the war. As in 1917 we are slowly becoming aware that all hope of a peaceful settlement after the war depends upon an Anglo-American rather than a Nazi control of the vast resources of the Atlantic area. The mills of the Gods may grind slowly but they are grinding, nevertheless.



—*From "Low on the War."*

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WAS "REBECCA" PLAGIARIZED?

(*Continued from page* 4)

as far as I know, in Brazil, have certain rules or habits, if you don't want to call them codes of honor. They will never steal from each other if it is useless to do so. Nor have I ever known publishers to crib ideas from submitted manuscripts and turn them over to their own authors. They live in enough fear of being sued for plagiarism because of sheer coincidences without having to invite it. Anyway, any "first-rate" novelist who has to depend on her publishers for plots is not a first-rate novelist. The important novelists—and Miss Du Maurier is an important novelist—have all they can do to keep pace with their own ideas and give them expression, without rummaging around for the ideas of others.

Coming back to the book itself, it could be said that Miss Du Maurier's novel begins where the Brazilian novel ends. The girl's marriage, her discoveries in Manderley, are merely a preface to the dramatic last chapters. Her dead rival is no saint whose hold over her can be destroyed by a biological accident, the victory of her pregnancy over the other woman's sterility. Rebecca is a female devil who has carried her diabolic power beyond the grave, for she has forced her husband to murder her and so has put his life forever in pawn to the future. To an American reader this difference between the two novels seems profound, as it does with "Jane Eyre," where the female devil remained alive and raging under the roof, until fire destroyed her, just as it finally destroyed Manderley in "Rebecca."

There seems to be illustrated here in this literary contest the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon conception of a drama involving a woman as the chief protaganist. A French critic can call the last part of "Rebecca" a transformation into an *"Aventure policière,"* the vulgar pursuit of a criminal, who is either caught, or not caught. An American critic can see in this pursuit and escape of the hero the essential resolution of the novel. If the heroine can finally join her lover and live happily forever after, as she does in "Rebecca," the American and the Englishman can smile and go happily to sleep. The Frenchman and all Latin critics must inevitably prick beneath this surface, and gifted with a deep racial knowledge, or an incorrigible passion for reality, must say that it solves nothing, that the last part of "Rebecca" is indeed an *"Aventure policière."* What will presumably put an American pleasantly to sleep, will keep a French critic awake and staring. What? Escaped from a murder charge and Manderley burned, and no happiness! Of course, happiness for a moment, the happiness of relief, but the burning of houses and the escape from the police solves nothing, as everyone knows. The man is the same; his great love is the same; his crime has not changed. He remains himself and we all know it; except that for us, in our pleasant literature, human rules are violated: we read to keep ourselves awake for a time so that all the more securely we may go to sleep. And so the contest between a Brazilian novel written six years ago and "Rebecca" —and the antagonisms that have been aroused by it—has a deep significance. Two books, one brief, with a conclusive biologic end; the other, romantic, involving the chase and escape of a criminal and the forever happy ending for two lovers. Is it any wonder that in a political world these two conceptions are at war?

But if you are one of the many people who read the *New York Times* two weeks ago you have perhaps already made up your mind about Miss Du Maurier's guilt. And so far in this article I have presented no evidence, only surmises. Well, here are the facts. Daphne Du Maurier had conceived of the idea of "Rebecca" a long time before she started to write it; she began to write in the Fall of 1938 and completed the novel late in the Spring. This statement is on the authority of Mr. Alan Collins, her literary agent, and it contradicts a quotation from a letter to Miss Nabuco from a friend in England in which it was stated that Miss Du Maurier wrote "Rebecca" in ninety days. Mr. Malcolm Johnson of Doubleday, Doran agrees that the novel was at least as long in preparation as Mr. Collins states. There is a suggestion in *The Times* quotation of

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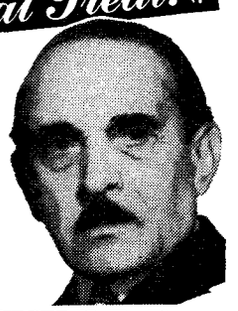

FROM CRETIN TO *GENIUS*

By **DR. SERGE VORONOFF**

How do great discoveries originate in the mind? Can they be "prompted" into existence? What accounts for flashes of genius in the idiotic intellect? Is thought itself material? How does the creative process operate in genius and cretin . . . in writers, scientists, artists and philosophers? What is the influence of stimulants in cerebral activity? In popular terms and with a wealth of anecdotal background, Dr. Voronoff leads you to his audaciously fascinating conclusions.

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guilty haste, as if, had the novel been written in ninety days, it would somehow have proved something detrimental to Miss Du Maurier. Several people who have read the *Times* article too hastily have made this strange deduction. And Miss Grant has permitted nothing in favor of Miss Du Maurier to enter her picture.

I write this because I feel profoundly indignant—not at the *New York Times Book Review,* which has simply recorded a literary scandal that has been growing for at least two years—but at the ease and impunity with which an author can be traduced. While many people have been aware of this accusation for a long time, the *Times* has at last brought it out into the open, where it can be attacked, as I have tried to attack it. I have said it is unlikely that Miss Du Maurier could have stolen the plot and the character of "Rebecca"; and that it was almost impossible that she could have had the opportunity to do so.

But there is another surface to this incredible accusation. I will state it briefly. The Nabuco family, as the *New York Times* has stated, is one of the greatest in Brazil, so important that it has considered it beneath its dignity to sue the author of "Rebecca." But Brazil has an old literary culture and a new literature of which it is proud and of which we unhappily know almost nothing. The daughter of one of its greatest families has written a successful and moving novel. Brazilian critics and the Brazilian literary world believe that the internationally famous book and film, "Rebecca," was stolen from Miss Nabuco and are outraged by it. The author's famous family are known to be pro-American, pro-English, anti-Axis in sentiment. It would be a triumph to the Nazi influence in that nation if Brazilian critics and writers, and an ardent and patriotic literary public should continue to believe that the "Gringos," not from the "Colossus of the North," but from across the Atlantic, had stolen the literary rewards of an international fame from Miss Nabuco.

Moreover, it is regrettable that Miss Du Maurier cannot speak in her own defense. Another novelist, an American woman, also believes that Miss Du Maurier used her story for "Rebecca," and, unlike Miss Nabuco, is sueing her for plagiarism. And again there will appear the same parallels, the simple girl, the great house, the butler, the angry housekeeper, the portrait on the wall, the husband's friend and relatives, and the precious objects loved and touched by dead hands.

Daphne Du Maurier

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Catskills Dwarfs

STRANGERS IN THE VLY. By Edmund Gilligan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1941. 261 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by PAUL STRONG

THIS is a charming book with a Chesterton theme and Christopher Morley handling. The story content is slight; it is the virtuosity which makes the book moving.

"The Vly" is a small village and region in the Catskill Mountain. The tale starts with the arrival of three Italian dwarfs, late favorites of the court of Napoleon III., and still favorites for hanging because of their attempt on the Emperor's life. They are rich, braggart poseurs and celebrate their arrival at the village inn by an unsuccessful assault on the landlord's lovely daughter. Long researches have failed to discover a landlord's homely daughter, incidentally.

The sponsor of these little monsters is the sober, impecunious son of a big Boston shipping family, who has brought them to this place to conceal them from the French and to try to educate them to some sense of morality. The tale takes on a semi-mystic, semi-fairy tale quality as he succeeds and secret, magnificent works of benevolence move The Vly to wonder. The climax comes in a beautiful and moving Christmas scene when the dwarfs manage the greatest kindness of all they have accomplished.

This is obvious for a Christmas gift book and recommended for people who read even on the Fourth of July.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Tom Sawyer and Alfred Temple, in "Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain.
2. Tom Brown and Slogger Williams, in "Tom Brown's School Days," by Thomas Hughes.
3. Tom Tulliver and Bob Jakin, in "The Mill on the Floss," by George Eliot.
4. William Dobbin and Reginald Cuff, in "Vanity Fair," by William Makepeace Thackeray.
5. Dan and Emil, in "Little Men," by Louisa M. Alcott.
6. Tom Bailey and Bill Conway, in "The Story of a Bad Boy," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich.
7. Penrod Schofield vs. Marjorie Jones, Mitchy-Mitch, Georgie Bassett, Sam Williams, Maurice Levy, and Roderick Bitts, in "Penrod," by Booth Tarkington.
8. Richard Feverel and Ripton Thompson, in "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," by George Meredith.
9. Tom Jones and Master Blifil, in "Tom Jones," by Henry Fielding.
10. Francis Chisholm and Willie Tulloch, in "The Keys of the Kingdom," by A. J. Cronin.

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The Story of "Spring"

RETURN TO THE RIVER. By Roderick L. Haig-Brown. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1941. 248 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

THE salmon is an anadromous fish. That statement disguises the most dramatic story in the animal kingdom, the story of the millions of great Chinooks which every autumn ascend the Columbia River to the creeks and shallows where they were born. Then, their lives consummated, they die.

Roderick L. Haig-Brown has told this tale through a hero who is a retired United States Senator, and a heroine, Spring, a huge female salmon spawned in the headwaters of Oregon's Willamette Valley. Senator Evans watches Spring's mother lay her eggs and perish, and when Spring is a tiny fingerling he lifts her from the Canyon pool and carefully clips her fins. Thus, if on some distant day she returns to the scene of her nativity, her markings will betray her to him. With a benediction he puts her back in the water.

Spring drifts down the Willamette to the Columbia, and down the Columbia to the sea. Her journey is a gauntlet of perils. She drops over dams and is stunned by thundering falls. Squawfish eat some of her companions and irrigation ditches claim others. She is nearly choked by the sewage poured into the river at Portland. Nets which snare the big fish swimming upstream are too large-meshed to entrap her and she wriggles through them to the Pacific. In the ocean she is to spend the bulk of her life.

Three years in salt water make Spring a full-grown salmon. She swims far up the British Columbia coast, nearly to Alaska. Finally the Columbia calls to her to return. From ocean to Continental Divide the Columbia River is 1,200 miles long. It is serried with ten thousand tributaries, large and small. Yet Spring finds the Willamette, and on a rainy autumn day, near the Willamette's mountain-locked source, she returns once more to the Canyon pool.

Senator Evans, older now and wiser in the ways of fish and man, feels his pulse beat faster as he detects Spring's clipped fins and ventral. As in that very place he had watched Spring's mother lay her eggs and die, so he watches Spring, home from the sea, scoop out the redd in the gravel where she will repeat the process, her life completed.

No fisherman or conservationist can read this story without feeling the thrill that stirs the aged Senator as he sees Spring returned to the Canyon pool. The author also has skillfully woven into the tale the experiences of two male salmon, Chinook and Sachem, spawned in the tributaries of the Columbia above Bonneville and Grand Coulee; and so the book contains sidelights on the huge dams built across the Columbia River, and what effect they may have on the fish runs. Although scornful of the greed of commercial fishermen and the carelessness of lumbermen who have stripped the hillsides, Mr. Haig-Brown thinks the Bonneville fish ladders may help rather than hurt the salmon.

The book is best in its picturing of Spring's behavior and life-story. It is weakest in its dialogue. Best of all the characters is Senator Tom Evans, who most resembles Charles L. McNary, the senior Senator from Oregon.

The Criminal Record

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MURDER ON SHARK ISLAND *Jack De Witt* (Liveright: $2.)	N. Y. crime investigator treks to Florida; cleans up Nazi nest and rescues kidnaped anti-Hitler refugee.	Some very special villainy and exciting moments during tropical storms on Florida coast, also much data on "monkey running."	Thriller
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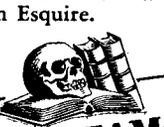

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Bragg's Army

THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE. By Stanley F. Horn. New York: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1941. 503 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by S. L. A. MARSHALL

ONE of the oldest concepts of the Civil War is that while Grant was the man of Appomattox, it was the battle-mobility of Sherman's army that put him there. The point is ill-taken. One force complemented the other as the hammer the anvil, and victory could not have resulted otherwise.

Because the North won, the strategic values in the fighting East and West is invariably discussed in terms of its armies and leaders. Mr. Horn looks at the other side. His theme is that the Army of Northern Virginia was beaten finally by the inexcusable failures of the Army of Tennessee, which had the potential of victory, but could not realize it.

At the heart of its failure, Mr. Horn contends, was the miserable generalship of Braxton Bragg. Until Shiloh, the Confederate army of the west was hardly an integrated military body. Bragg skillfully repaired its deficiencies after Beauregard's fall from grace. He was born for command—but not in the field. After building his army, he led it into Kentucky and then back again, first putting Buell on the spot, then fearing to smash him. At Chickamauga he groped in a mental fog for three days while Rosecrans's army was far-scattered and could have been destroyed in detail. His subordinates then carried the battle forward and won it while he sulked in his tent, refusing to believe in the victory and mentally unable to follow it up. As Grant mobilized heavily at Chattanooga, he foolishly weakened his own force by unnecessary detachments, thereby losing the field of Missionary Ridge. That was the end of him, and a good riddance it was.

The point is incontestable that this one general made failures of successes, and that therein lay the Confederacy's great military tragedy. Hence the character of Braxton Bragg is the focus of this excellent study. What was wrong with the man? He was a defeatist and an ingrained pessimist, the author says, lacking self-confidence, held in contempt by his subordinates. I would suggest one thing more. The Civil War was fought and won by brilliant amateurs. General Bragg was steeped in the philosophy of orthodox professional soldiering. For every theoretical problem he had a theoretical solution. That was the rub.

In so strange and new a warfare as that between the States, a warfare developing from a new weapon—the rifle—old ideas, and rigidity of system, were out of place. Boldness is a characteristic of manhood; prudence of old age. Bragg was mentally too old for the new pattern of conflict. Others, notably Grant, learned by their mistakes as they went along. It is a point which historians rarely take into account. They see the tactical and strategical values and consequences in generalship. They tell what happened to armies and to positions, and consequently, to causes. But one rarely learns from them what actually happened to men in battle, how they went forward, how they were met, etc., and in this realm of methods and techniques is the essence of real understanding. One cannot truly analyze generalship or consider a war, in which one of the basic failures of leadership was misunderstanding of the power of new weapons in relation to tactics, without so doing.

S. L. A. Marshall is the author of "Armies on Wheels" and "Blitzkrieg."

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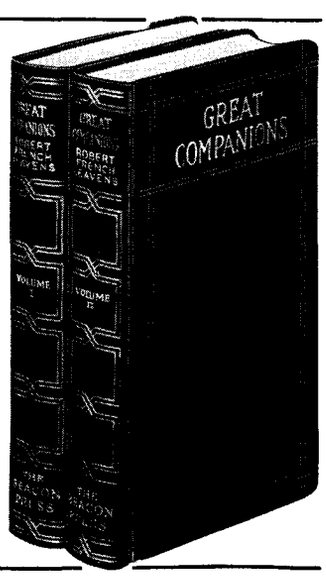

HARRY SCHERMAN

(*Continued from page* 9)

in Belgium and Bohemia. The objections which the conquered peoples have to the Nazis are by no means solely or primarily economic; they dislike them because they take all the food away, yes; but they dislike them still more because peoples used to freedom do not like to be kicked around by Germans. But suppose Hitler wins this war; the next generation will not be used to freedom, and to the generation after that it will only be an obscure heresy of medieval times. The Nazi theory is that sufficiently brutal and long-continued repression, coupled with a systematic extermination of all leaders of thought and national feeling, will eventually reduce the residue of the conquered peoples to the status of domestic animals. We cannot be sure that the thing is impossible.

"The organized will of all mankind," says Mr. Scherman, "will never allow the Germans to achieve the control they seek, much less to maintain it." I devoutly hope he is right; but that too remains to be proved. If he means that the will of all mankind, *if* organized, will be able to stop them, then he is right; but the job of organization has to be done first, and it most needs doing right here in this country. American apathy may yet lose the war, not only for America but for all the world. Hitler, it might be noted, never relies on such major premises as "mankind will not," or "God must," or "the spirit of history decrees"—they all mean the same thing. In his hard-boiled theology God helps those who help themselves.

All this may seem cavilling at incidental implications of a thesis which is valid enough, so long as you do not take it as the whole story. The world can be, ought to be, shows a tendency to be, an economic unity; Hitler (as an incidental concomitant to the attainment of quite different objectives) is promoting that unity the wrong way; we ought to work to attain it in the right way, and such attainment ought to be one of the fruits of victory. Take out the musts (which are implied more often than expressed) and it is easy to go along with the argument provided you remember that it is only one strand in a tangled complex; and that there are no "musts" about the course of history. History is what men make it. If we do not choose to get out and make it what we want, at whatever cost, it is going to be made for us by other men who are willing to work at it—ineluctable economic necessity to the contrary notwithstanding.

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Music and Records

Edward Tatnall Canby

MUSIC ON RECORDS. By B. H. Haggin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 245 *pp.* $2.

THE RECORD BOOK SUPPLEMENT. By David Hall. New York: Smith & Durrell. 1941. 107 *pp.* $1.

TWO popular books on phonograph records are hereby brought up to date. Mr. Haggin's original "Music on Records" appeared in 1938 and Mr. Hall's "Record Book" a year ago. The two books are quite different in scope; "The Record Book" is a huge volume, covering an enormous amount of material, while "Music on Records" covers a relatively small group of records, Mr. Haggin's own particular favorites, and makes no attempt to be comprehensive.

Record reviewing is still in an adolescent stage, struggling to catch up with the fantastic growth of the fine record industry. Few record critics are professionally trained musicians; most are amateur collectors who know little of the actual technique and theory of music, who reflect to a considerable degree the opinions and prejudices of the untrained musical consumer, and whose judgment, excellent on the standard repertory works, is highly untrustworthy when applied to contemporary music and much music of the seventeenth century and earlier, not to mention special fields such as choral music. Mr. Hall appears to be such a critic, but it must be said that the mere extent of his enormous listening experience makes his book a useful one. His literary style is often execrable, the organization of the book is not of the best, nor is it too accurate as to facts. But Hall has the advantage of enthusiasm, of finding something to like in almost everything.

Haggin, in contrast, has an axe to grind. He is older, more experienced than Hall, but he is obviously obsessed with a small-boy feeling that he must strike out and hurt to defend himself. His every paragraph is loaded with defiance; he is compelled to exaggerate every opinion, to make arbitrary and sensational statements. The whole emotional pattern of a ten-year-old child is there. But what is amusing in the comic "Reg'lar Fellers" is tragic in a book of this sort, especially since Mr. Haggin's information, if untangled from his emotions, would be well worth having. If your axe is the same brand as his, read this book; if not, Mr. Hall is your man.

UNTIL last spring this reviewer was able to choose from the monthly menu of recordings those which seemed to him to be significant. At that time one of the major companies announced proudly that thereafter reviewers would benefit from a sort of table d'hote; the company would pre-select the recordings which *it* thought significant. The other large company has adopted the same policy. Whatever the economic justification, the new policy is an affront to reviewers, who certainly have the right to disagree among themselves as to what is significant and what isn't. As might be expected the companies' menus run dismally to best sellers, good and bad, not to mention a flood of "celebrity" records, which this column will ignore. It must be said that the companies are coöperative in granting special requests, but delay is unavoidable. Hence I can only recommend as well worth investigating the following: Mozart, Horn Concerto (K-447), Aubrey Brain; (V M-829). Mozart, Duo for violin and viola, No. 2 (K-424); (V M-831). Kodaly, Dances from Galanta; (V M-834). Schumann 4th symphony; (Stock) (C M-475). The new *Così Fan Tutte* (Mozart) recording is a repressing of the H. M. V. Glyndebourne performance issued some years ago in England.

★ ★

One of the best albums of recent months was the N. Y. Philharmonic's *Rhenish* symphony (Schumann). Under Bruno Walter this orchestra gives a crackerjack performance, one which instantly communicates the peculiar directness and honesty, the lyric yet tragic joy of the greatest Romantic composer. As in the *Spring* Symphony recorded last season the beauty here is of immediately inspired utterance, not of form and structure, and hence anything less than an inspired performance is fatal; the weak bone and tissue beneath the exterior is easily exposed. . . . Iturbi continues his one-

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man concertos with Beethoven's 3rd (V M-801; $5.50). The performance is full of life but somewhat unsubtle, especially in the piano, which is recorded with a rather tinny quality. Coordination of piano and orchestra is frequently poor, thanks to Iturbi's dual role as pianist and conductor. . . . Dmitri Mitropoulos is the ideal man for Mahler. His ability to pull together and tighten up loosely constructed music is nowhere better illustrated than in his recording of the First Symphony with the New York Philharmonic. (C M-469; $6.50) A first-rate reading, beautifully recorded—but nothing can make the 3rd and 4th movements attractive to my ears. . . . Tschaikowsky is enjoying a boom to end all Tschaikowsky booms. Space allows only brief mention of three excellent albums. The B flat Piano Concerto, Toscanini and Horowitz, is, as usual, a tour-de-force, but over-tense, too fast, almost hysterical. The old Rubenstein version is still the best. (V M-800). Mitropoulos records the Fourth Symphony without the breadth of Koussevitsky's recording, but with a lot more feeling for the tonal architecture of which the composer was especially proud. The 3rd movement is particularly well done. The Fifth is recorded by Ormandy and the Philadelphia—more restrained than it would be under Stokowsky. (V M-828).

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119-S	120-Y		121-H	122-D	123-N		124-E	125-L	126-J	127-U	128-O	129-H	130-S	131-R	132-N	
133-H	134-Y	135-P		136-R	137-P	138-S	139-F	140-U	141-K	142-G	143-E	144-W		145-J	146-G	147-H
	148-I	149-F	150-E	151-G	152-D	153-C		154-Y	155-G	156-X	157-Q	158-U	159-M	160-D	161-J	
162-I	163-N		164-N		165-Q	166-R	167-U	168-T	169-L		170-L	171-V	172-F	173-W	174-M	175-D
176-O		177-F	178-D		179-D		180-L	181-W	182-P	183-K						

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 12 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Group of 3 *Han* cities in China at the Yangtze and Han Rivers.

B. Battle in which Caesar defeated Pompey (48 B.C.)

C. Incomplete work (Fr.)

D. Pseudonym used by John Adams in his attacks on Daniel Leonard.

E. Occasionally (3 wds.)

F. Hero of satire by Chamisso (last name).

G. R. L. Stevenson's step-son collaborator.

H. Duke of Norfolk in *Richard II.*

I. Vivid (psychol.)

J. Wife of Odin; goddess of domestic life (Norse).

K. Road on which logs are skidded.

L. Not harmed.

M. Pacific, conciliatory.

N. Battle of 367 B.C. Spartans defeated Arcadians without loss (Gr. hist.)

O. Out of sight in the heavens (comp.)

P. Large American spotted cats.

Q. Driven or hunted out of it-lurking place.

R. Anything terrifying without danger; one in rags and tatters.

S. Pulitzer Prize play by Thornton Wilder (1938).

T. Erudition; knowledge often traditional.

U. Not uniform.

V. River in Scotland connected with Scott.

W. Supported, sustained.

X. A philippic.

Y. Congressional Act of 1807 concerning international trade.

WORDS

99	96	63	48	92					
51	2	89	94	71	104	24	61	66	
100	82	26	34	62	153	108			
175	46	79	179	160	152	102	122	178	
77	150	42	22	124	76	36	9	143	20
35	139	117	75	83	95	177	149	172	
11	97	37	146	151	81	142	155		
33	121	69	129	147	133	105			
78	162	45	70	148	58	86			
145	47	126	17	161	85				
141	111	27	88	43	188				
29	109	25	40	65	169	170	125	180	
174	12	80	59	159	21				
98	38	164	123	23	118	163	132		
106	87	50	72	16	176	128			
73	53	135	15	137	182	68			
165	57	44	90	31	112	67	157		
60	64	166	54	5	136	131	41	103	
19	74	119	30	130	3	138			
168	52	113	14						
55	6	13	140	127	167	158	114	32	
10	116	3	171	91					
181	173	49	28	115	144				
156	18	101	56	4	7	84	110		
120	154	107	39	134	8	92			

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TRADE WINDS

THE book trade opened its eyes last week when it read the full-page advertisement in which the very photogenic Miss Olivia de Haviland was quoted in connection with her entirely unsolicited letter to The Readers Club to the effect that she likes *good* books. This is a new trend in book advertising and a good one. Film stars have lent their testimonials to everything from cigarettes to cold cream, but up till now, they have been pretty quiet about their reading. But indorsements by movie stars for certain books ought to have a salutary effect on publishing. At least, it will be interesting to see whether people who buy toothpaste on the strength of a famous screen smile will be influenced by the reading habits of certain stars. If, through the simple device of a testimonial, America will read more books, we would like to see other publishers follow the formula of The Readers Club and get Clark Gable, William Powell, Norma Shearer, and scores of others to lend their good names to the cause of literature.

★ ★

☞On this bright, cheerful morning the subscription department comes up with a note of cheer, albeit it concerns the sacrifice of a subscriber. A letter came from a young lady in Arkansas who cannot renew her subscription because she has recently married—much to her own (and our) satisfaction—a subscriber to the *SRL*. We like her decisiveness in telling us to change the address and to discontinue her own subscription:

> Regretting the tendency of matrimony to cut down your circulation, I am, yours sincerely.

★ ★

☞That indispensable publication *Poetry* announces in its November issue six prize awards for poems published in that magazine. Each prize amounts to $100.00. The Levinson Prize went to Archibald MacLeish for "Discovery of Time"; The Guarantors' Prize to Paul Engle for "America"; The Oscar Blumenthal Prize to Stanley J. Kunitz for "Six Poems"; The Jeannette Sewell Davis Prize to Karl J. Shapiro for "Four Poems"; The Harriet Monroe Memorial Prize to A. J. M. Smith for "Three Poems," and The Harriet Monroe Lyric Prize to Frederick Prokosch for "Three Poems."

★ ★

☞And while the announcements of these prizes are made we note with satisfaction that Charles G. Osgood's "Poetry as a Means of Grace" has just been published by Princeton University Press. It was designed by Elmer Adler, former editor of *The Colophon* and head of Pynson Printers, who is now living in Princeton. The Adler touch to a publication frequently results in its being a collector's item. Mr. Osgood's discussion of the rewards of an intellectual companionship with a great poet lends itself well to Mr. Adler's typography.

★ ★

☞The many people who have expressed admiration for "The American Sporting Scene," with text by John Kieran and pictures by Joseph Golinkin, will be pleased to know that most of Mr. Golinkin's original water colors, sketches, and black and white lithographs, which are reproduced in the book, are on display and sale at Abercrombie & Fitch's in New York.

★ ★

☞From Donald Klopfer comes this story: It seems an English lord purchased a custom-bound book from the great English binder, Sangorski, for $5,000 some years ago. A week after the book was delivered, the lord came back to Sangorski with a grave complaint. "Your precious binding has cracked straight down the back," he exclaimed. Sangorski grabbed the book from the lord's hands, examined it for a moment, and turned on his customer in a rage. "You've been *reading* this book!" he cried.

★ ★

☞We live in a world of honest folk. A short time back we reported that a book had been returned after a lapse of thirty years. Now comes a note from Mr. Charles O. Hucker, of The Mirabeau B. Lamar Library of The University of Texas, telling of some fascinating lapses of memory by students who have borrowed books from the library but who somehow had forgotten to return them. There is the case of a fifty-cent copy of "Aucassin and Nicolette," taken forty years ago from the shelves and only recently returned. The Library was happy to regain the book, but there was the little matter of a fine, which during a forty-year period had mounted to $750.00. The fine was waived and everybody felt quite satisfied. But what seems more of a test of integrity is the case of a student who back in 1916 borrowed eighteen books, and just kept them. Later he was called to an army camp, and, while packing away his things discovered the long overdue volumes. Without hesitation, he returned the books. Here, too, the kind librarians waived the fine—$7,000.

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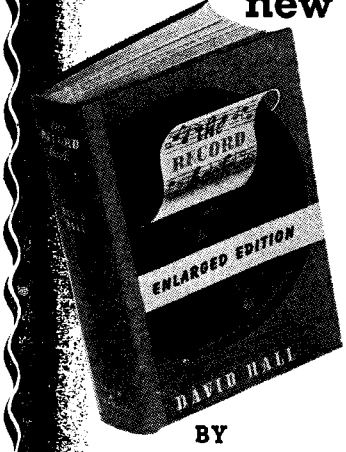

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